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though as pigs went in England it was low enough. He declared that they had been fed on *tip-top* feeding: which was literally true; as he afterwards admitted that the tops of nettles and potato stalks constituted the only nourishment they had got for three weeks before.

"The Yorkshireman looked with great contempt upon what he considered a miserable essay to take him in:

"What a fule this Hirishman mun bea," said he, "to think to teake me in! Had he said that them there Hirish swoine were *badly* fed, I'd ha' thought it fairish enough on um; but to seay that they was oll weal fead on *tip-top* feadin'! Nea, nea! I knaws weal enough that they was noat feade on nothin' at oll, which meakes them looak so poorish! Howsomever, I shall fatten them, I'se warrant—I'se warrant I shall!"

"When driven home to sties somewhat more comfortable than the cabins of unfortunate Irishmen, they were well supplied with food which would have been very often considered a luxury by poor Paddy himself, much less by his pigs.

"Measter," said the boor who had seen them fed, "them there Hirish pigs ha' not teasted nothin' for a moonth yet; they feed like nothin' I never seed o' my laife!"

"Ay! ay!" replied the master, "I'll warrant they'll soon fatten—I'se warrant they shall, Hodge—they be praine feeders—I'se warrant they shall; and then, Hodge, we've bit the soft Hirishmun."

"Hodge gave a knowing look at his master, and grinned at this observation.

"The next morning Hodge repaired to the sties to see how they were thriving; when, to his utter astonishment, he found the feeding troughs clean as if they had been washed, but not a single Irish pig to be seen or heard about the premises; but to what retreat their inmates could have betaken themselves, was completely beyond his comprehension. He scratched his head, and looked about him in much perplexity:

"Dang un!" he exclaimed, "I never seed nought like this."

"He would have proceeded in a strain of cogitation equally enlightened, had not a noise of shouting, alarm, and confusion in the neighbourhood, excited his attention. He looked about him, and to his utter astonishment saw that some extraordinary commotion prevailed, that the country was up, and the hills alive with people, who ran, and shouted, and wheeled at full flight in all possible directions. His first object was to join the crowds, which he did as soon as possible, and found that the pigs he had shut up the preceding night in sties, whose enclosures were at least four feet high, had cleared them like so many *chamois*, and were now closely pursued by the neighbours, who rose *en masse* to hunt down and secure such dreadful depredators.

"The waste and mischief they had committed in one night were absolutely astonishing. Bean and turnip fields, and vegetable enclosures of all descriptions, kitchen-gardens, corn-fields, and even flower-gardens, were rooted up and destroyed with an appearance of system which would have done credit to Terry Alt himself.

"Their speed was the theme of every tongue. Hedges were taken in their flight, and cleared in a style that occasioned the country people to turn up their eyes, and scratch their thick incomprehensible heads in wonder. Dogs of all degrees bit the dust, and were caught up dead in stupid amazement by their owners, who began to doubt whether or not these extraordinary animals were swine at all.—The depredators in the mean time had adopted the Horatian style of battle. Whenever there was an ungenerous advantage taken in the pursuit, by slipping dogs across or before their path, they shot off at a tangent through the next crowd, many of whom they prostrated in their flight; by this means they escaped the dogs until the latter were somewhat exhausted, when, on finding one in advance of the rest, they turned, and, with standing bristles and burning tusks, fatally checked their pursuer in his full career. To wheel and fly until another got in advance, was then the plan of fight; but, in fact, the conflict was conducted on the part of the Irish pigs with a fertility of expediency that did credit to the country, and established

for those who displayed it, the possession of intellect far superior to that of their opponents. The pigs now began to direct their course towards the sties in which they had been so well fed the night before. This being their last flight, they radiated towards one common centre, with a fierceness and celerity that occasioned the women and children to take shelter within doors. On arriving at the sties, the ease with which they shot themselves over the four feet walls was incredible. The farmer had caught the alarm, and just came out in time to witness their return; he stood with his hands driven down into the pockets of his red, capacious waistcoat, and uttered not a word. When the last of them came bounding into the sty, Hodge approached, quite breathless and exhausted:

"Oh, measter," he exclaimed, "these be not Hirish pigs at all, they be Hirish deevils: and yau mun ha' bought 'em fra a cunning mon!"

"Hodge," replied his master, "I'se be bit—I'se heard feather talk about un. That breed's *true* Hirish; but I'se try and sell 'em to Squire Jolly to hunt wi' as beagles, for he wants a pack. They do say all the swoine that the deevils were put into ha' been drawnd; but for my peart, I'se sure that some on un must ha' escaped to Hireland."

(To be continued.)

STAMMERING AND ITS CURE.

There is a paper on this subject in the Medical Quarterly Review, translated from a foreign Journal, which is, we presume, thought by our contemporary to be worth attention. This method of cure was, it appears, brought to Europe from America, by a Mrs. Leigh. She entered into partnership with Dr. Malbouche, at Brussels, from whom the secret was bought by the Belgian government; the system has likewise met with approbation in Prussia. The whole art consists in the following rules:—The stammerer is to press the tip of his tongue, as hard as he can, against the upper row of teeth; is to draw a deep breath every six minutes, and is to keep perfect silence for three days, during which, this pressing of the tongue and the deep inspirations are to be continued without intermission. During the night small rolls of linen are placed under the tongue in order to give it the required direction even during sleep. When the three days have expired, the patient is to read aloud slowly to his physician for an hour. During this exercise, care is to be taken that the stammerer is never in want of breath, and he must, therefore, be made to stop frequently, and inspire deeply. The patient is to be admonished to keep the tip of the tongue floating when he speaks, and never to allow it to sink into the anterior cavity of the lower jaw.—*Athenæum*.

NEW INVENTION FOR SAVING LIFE AND PROPERTY DURING FIRES.

M. Paulin, the Colonel of the Sapeurs Pompiers, at Paris, has invented an apparatus by means of which a man may go into a room on fire without injury; or even into a cellar or place where the air is impure or very much heated. This apparatus envelopes the head and part of the body, but leaves the limbs at perfect freedom. It is so contrived, that fresh air is introduced to the mouth of the individual from the outside by means of leather pipes. An experiment was made with this apparatus, at Paris, a few days ago, and was found to be completely successful. Some combustibles in a cellar were ignited, and an individual descended in the midst of a thick flame; he remained nineteen minutes, and said he could have stopped longer, although it was difficult to breathe even at the top of the stairs leading to the cellar, in consequence of the foul exhalations which emanated from it. The high temperature of the cellar may be judged of, from the fact that the pulse of the individual, when he came out, beat 130 times within the minute: the metallic portions of the apparatus were very hot. This apparatus may be employed very effectively in penetrating places where there is dangerous gas, or in wells, mines, &c.—*Ibid*.

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